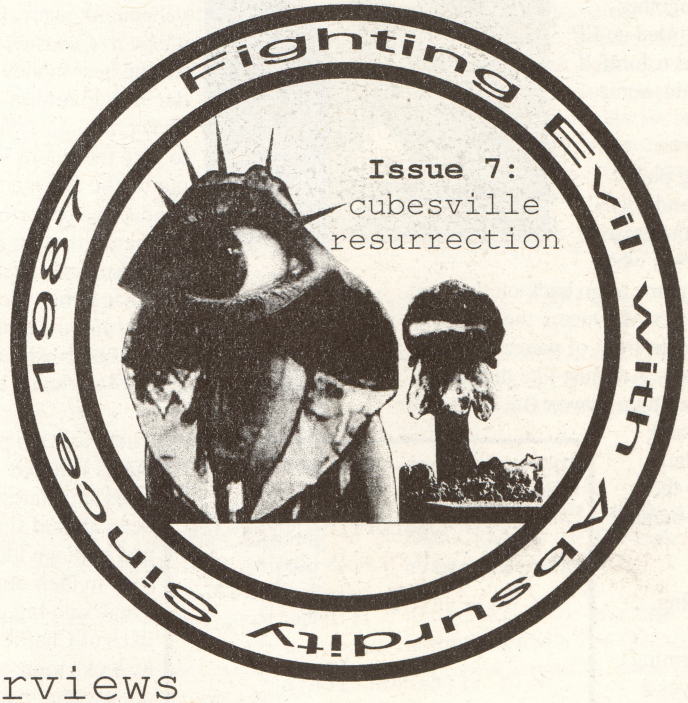
one way ticket to Cubesville

50p

The DIY punk rock fanzine that dared to reform!
Complete original lineup



Interviews

UK Subs

Amebix

Geriatric Unit

Stupids

The Hates

Jailcell Recipes

Articles

Charity Shops

Burgers

Punk Rock Pub Quiz

A quality fanzine at fanzine quailty

editor's rant

Is *One Way Ticket to Cubesville* the first fanzine to reform? Will this dinosaur's resurrection prompt a fanzine revival? These questions will be well and truly answered in the following pages.

When it comes to revivals, you can't move for dodgy old punk bands getting back together. Every band who recorded an EP in the early 1980s has reformed to gig and record again; some good, some shit.

Talking to fat balding punks about getting their bands back together can be like the episode of *League of Gentlemen* when Crème Brulee make plans to go back on the road. For rhythm guitarist Les McQueen, the dream is still alive – of playing in front of packed houses and legions of admirers. And just like the Les, you can see them keeping a drawer full of cassette tapes of their punk band, Lenny Lunatic and the Losers, to thrust into the hand of anyone they manage to corner.

Well folks, I'm jumping right on that same bandwagon and reforming this fanzine. Who gives a shit if it is a cabaret version of what it once was. A shadow of the original? Who fucking cares. Fair enough, the *Cubesville* of the 1980s and 1990s was more political, more pragmatic and, thanks to a proliferation of cheap cider, far more psychotic than the pale imitation you hold now. The *Cubesville* of old interviewed HR of Bad Brains while smashed on homebrew. Ouch. And brought you Dr and the Crippens action figures. Hurray. And denounced the Thatcher and Major governments while championing trad jazz as a true lost art form. Go Kenny Ball and Acker Bilk!

Nope. We'll see none of that in this issue. What you're getting instead is a load of recycled articles and opinions mimicking the fury of 15 years ago, but in no way reaching the same intensity.

Some people will accuse the fanzine of reforming for the money. Don't listen to these cynical shitheads – this is something the producers of *One Way Ticket to Cubesville* vehemently deny. *One Way Ticket to Cubesville* is not in it for the beer money! The decision to reform *One Way Ticket to Cubesville* was purely to give those fans who missed out on the fanzine back in its heyday the opportunity to see it for themselves, to relive the hedonism and unfettered experimentation that made it the voice of the underground. And just to prove the point, we've only featured people and bands who were around at the time in the mid 1990s when it left off.

This zine was made in DIY fashion using:

- ✓ Shit OpenOffice freeware
- ✓ Scissors
- ✓ Pritstick (ooer)
- ✓ Stolen artwork
- ✓ 3 different fonts

Issue 7 only features bands and people who were around when Issue 6 was published (15 years ago)

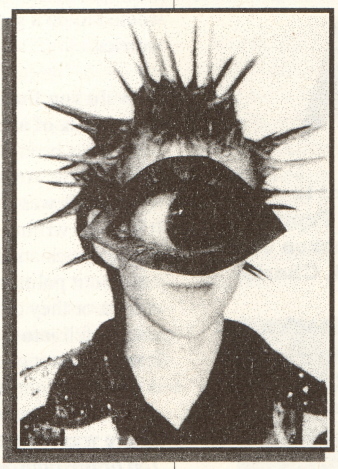
There are two perennial bands featured – the UK Subs and Hates. Both have been around since the 1970s and both are totally punk rock in their outlook. There's no big ego with the likes of Charlie Harper and he looks more at home doing a gig in a club on a Thursday night than anybody. It's good to see him looking sprightly for a Sexagenarian too (ooer).

The resurrection of the Amebix sent frissons of excitement through the anarcho punk scene – their reputation has even grown since they fizzled out in the late 1980s. But it's interesting to hear Rob "The Baron" Miller's answer when asked if they could have stayed together - "Naahhhhh".

Another band to have fizzled was the Stupids. Shame really – they picked up on the US hardcore thing when people were still spiking their hair up

with Evo Stik and gobbing at the bands. Perhaps we should bring that back though... Jailcell Recipes disappeared when they could have gone on to do different things. Bet they're kicking themselves they didn't hang around with Green Day more when they were still on Lookout Records. Oops. Perhaps they're still pen pals though.

Meanwhile, our token new band is Geriatric Unit, and it's not often you can say that. With the rhythm section of Heresy and with a cv that also features Hard to Swallow and Iron Monkey, you can't argue with them. Check them out. They rock.



This might be a "resurrection" issue of *One Way Ticket to Cubesville*, but that's not to say it isn't rammed with astute political comment. The fanzine's anarcho-vegan heritage is dutifully revived with articles on charity shops and how to make your own veggie burgers.

Finally, we're featuring a Killer Punk Rock Pub Quiz. Thanks to Sally and Steve respectively, I've hosted punk rock quizzes at the Nottingham Punks Picnic and Bradford Means to an End festival. I would like to take this opportunity to say I'm also available for weddings, funerals, bah mitzvahs, panto, Summer Season – you name it. I'm cheap, but watch it – cheap doesn't always mean reasonable, mate.

I hope you enjoy reading this issue of the people's favourite, *One Way Ticket to Cubesville*, as much as I enjoyed writing it. Which I didn't. So fuck you.

The Reverend Richard Cubesville
"The One"
Leeds/Manchester,
Winter 2009
cubesville@hotmail.com

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UK SUBS

When the Beatles looked forward to comfortable old age in their *Sgt Pepper's* song *When I'm 64*, they didn't reckon on the emergence of punk rock legend, Charlie Harper.
The UK Subs frontman has seen rock n roll develop right from the beginning – he was such a regular at early Rolling Stones gigs that his friends called him "Charlie Stones", and he has spent more than 30 years banging out raucous punk tunes.
In the year he qualified for free bus travel, *One Way Ticket to Cubesville* caught up with him on the first date of the UK leg of a world tour to get the low-down on life, longevity and a line-up larger than a Sunday league football team.

Tell us about the UK Subs line-up – it seems like you're changing every gig.
Paul Slack (bass) has come back to the fold and is a permanent fixture in England. Nicky Garrett (guitar) is doing a one-off in London before we go off to Europe. I've always looked at it like a football team where we have Subs and more subs. We have the A team and B team, but everybody knows what their job is. When we first recruit people they have to want to get up and play. It shouldn't matter what the money is, they should want to get up and play for free. This is the spirit of the Subs – the money is secondary; it's the spirit that counts. If we find that things are going wrong with the venue and we pull out, then you only let your fans down.

Do you actively recruit members?
Not really. Jamie Oliver, not the chef, is our drummer at the moment. He played with a band who supported us down in Hastings. I chatted to him backstage and he was a nice guy. Our other drummer got married and went to live in Germany and Alvin Gibbs (bass) and Nicky suggested Jamie. It just so happened that he had just quit that band when I called him. He was already there and had that spirit. I asked him if he wanted to do a gig as a free gig and there were no worries.

How do you find audiences these days? There is a bigger mix of ages...
It's always been like that. It wasn't always an art school thing. Art school helps, but the great thing about punk was it wasn't always just about the music. It was the writing too, and the art on the record sleeves; rock and roll was pushed that bit further. It was about politics, so anyone who felt they were an outcast or they didn't like what was going on in society fell into it and found punk as their deliverance. It was an art movement, a music movement, literature, everything.

There was a time when the UK Subs appeared on *Top of the Pops* and Charlie Harper was the old man of punk.
Yeah, exactly. I took my band down to the Roxy. I remember the Roxy when it was a lesbian club called Shagoramas.

He isn't called Paul Slack for nothing then...
I used to go down every week and I said to my band, who were teenagers, that they had to come down because this was the future of rock and roll. They saw the Damned and they were just blown away. They said they wanted to be a punk band. I said I was too old for this and was an old blues man, but eventually I got a band together. Nicky came along, and he didn't like the way blues stuff was going – he didn't want to do the Chuck Berry and Bo Diddley stuff any more. We did a few

> "You would play on a Friday or Saturday night and there would be 20 motorbikes lined up outside. Mods started to come, then skinheads, then a few punks."

covers like Jonathan Richman's *Roadrunner*, and Iggy Pop, New York Dolls and Velvet Underground songs. Odd stuff like that. We were playing down in London for bikers at the time. We had these residencies where you would play on a Friday or Saturday night and there would be 20 motorbikes lined up outside. Mods started to come, then skinheads, then a few punks. We had a residency in Paddington at a pub called the Western Counties, which was a great little music pub and we packed it out every Friday night and over a few weeks we merged into punk rock. The landlord loved his R&B and we had to go looking at the punk clubs. We didn't think we would qualify, but they took us on and the rest is history.

Is this where you got the idea for *Another Kind of Blues*?

It is. To this day I still think I'm a rhythm and blues singer. We get up there and we're very rhythmic and I sing from the heart. I mean it. It's the same for the blues – it's real, it's how you feel.

How do you feel about how the UK Subs are received in the media. With the exception of *Warhead* featuring on the film *This is England*, we haven't heard the Subs on radio or TV.

It's a great thing that the media leave us alone. We've carved our own little niche in the clubs and this is where we live. This is us, and we are a live band.

"It's a great thing that the media leave us alone. We've carved our own little niche in the clubs and this is where we live. This is us, and we are a live band."

You're almost notable by your absence...

I'm not worried. I kind of like the idea of being under the radar. We had five years in the limelight, which is enough. If you're there long enough you can become absorbed into the pop media and I like the idea of us being "leg ends". We've just got promoted actually – we're not "leg ends" any more, we're icons. We're happy with that. We like the idea of becoming an icon.

What do you need to become an icon then? And what's the difference between an icon and a national treasure?

It doesn't feel right being a national treasure. It sounds like you have something to do with the Queen. Hey, I have a connection to the Queen you know. My mum used to be a cleaner in the Palace.

Selhurst Park?

No, Buckingham Palace. She was only there for maybe five years. When I got older and realised what she did – a Mrs Mop in Buckingham Palace – I asked her what it was like polishing all the silver. She said: "Oh Charlie, she's got some lovely furniture." She ain't got any rubbish, has she. She has a lot of Spode pottery, which I used to collect. Whenever we played in Stoke-on-Trent we played in a pub called the Wheatsheaf and opposite it was a place that made Spode. I used to go to see this stuff.

What did your family think of your rock and roll lifestyle?

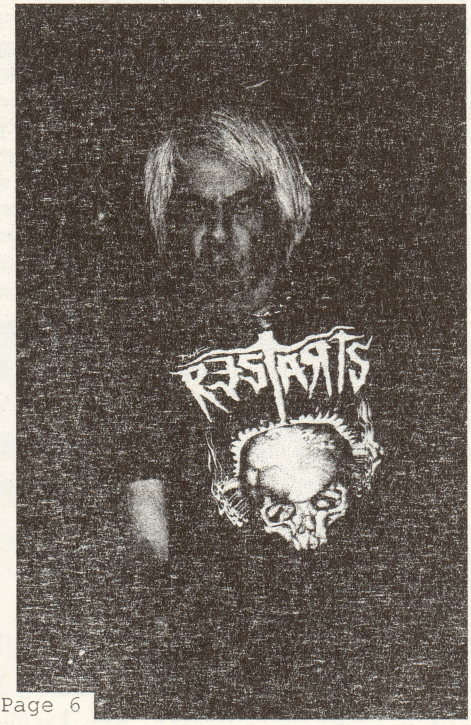
My mother was very tolerant. She would let me. But I had a step father and he was not only crazy, he was a real arsehole. I used to play acoustic guitar in my bedroom and that annoyed him. Everything I did annoyed him. I would be dressed in a denim jacket and jeans and I couldn't sit on the furniture. He stunted my musical growth. I could have

been something like Eric Clapton. He was a complete arsehole. He didn't get good until he got very sick when he got older. He was on a lot of drugs; he got very nice and he started talking to me. When he was in hospital, we would watch a wildlife programme together – he was very sweet.

Is this how you took up something quiet like the harmonica, and got the name Harper?
Not really. Rod Stewart taught me to play harmonica by the way. We were buskers and he used to sit on a stool in a little club and play harmonica in a band. He was a professional player as far as I was concerned. I played a country thing on a rack like Bob Dylan or Woody Guthrie. I couldn't get that bluesy thing and he taught me to get it. A different way of playing. This is my book.

> "I don't do the demon drugs any more and don't drink so heavily, so I can focus on just getting the gigs done."

I wanted to ask you about longevity. You've seen a lot more of rock and roll than most people.
Lemmy once said that we've seen the whole lot of rock and roll from the beginning. When I was a kid, Elvis Presley just hit the scene and I got into music so much that I chose the records for the school dances. I went out with a bit of cash given to me and bought the singles and occasionally an album.



What was the age that you look back on as your prime of life?
Now. We were in America a few months ago and were doing the Warped tour. It was great. By the time we got to LA there were many thousands coming to see the shows.

And you're 65 now.
This year, and we're still on our world tour which we've just come back from America, Australia, New Zealand and Japan. This is the best time, it's brilliant.

I was looking at your tour diary – it's like a teenager's – you're everywhere.
I don't do the demon drugs any more and don't drink so heavily, so I can focus on just getting the gigs done, doing them good and improving them as we go along. Tonight is our first show for the tour and we have Paul Slack back on bass. We have to do songs that he knows, so it's a bit limited tonight, but we will gradually expand it.

Thanks.
And I'll tell you a little story about longevity shall I? Someone once asked Louis Armstrong about that when he was about 80 and still playing, and he said: "It's all about the arse. When your arse packs up, you have to pack up." All that straining playing the trumpet, you can't be shitting yourself every night. And that's it, that's the truth. When your arse packs up it's time to go.

Charlie Harper Factfile:

- ✓ Rod Stewart taught him to play the blues on harmonica
- ✓ Inspired to play punk by the Damned
- ✓ Mother was employed as a cleaner at Buckingham Palace
- ✓ One-time collector of Spode pottery

Photography courtesy of Dave Uglypunk

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GERIATRIC UNIT

Back in the olden days they never had all this fast tricky stuff like grindcore and math metal. While contemplating important matters of yesteryear like the rise of fascism, mass unemployment and industrial pollution, people listened to good, solid, heads-down-and-charge hardcore-thrash.
How welcome it is to see members of such stalwart bands as Heresy, Hard to Swallow, John Holmes and Iron Monkey should have banded together to churn out high velocity, angry tunes under the banner Geriatric Unit.
***One Way Ticket to Cubesville* cornered singer Gords and bassist Kalvin before they stormed a Leeds stage to deliver a lesson in hard, fast, no nonsense music.**

I think I'm suffering from Old Age Punk Syndrome. Can you help?
Gords: For me I see it as a progression. You can move on, but you build on what you develop in your life. You try to be a decent human being, which was what anarcho punk was built on. In tandem with that, a lot of the things we were protesting about have become a part of that system – they've become more insidious and difficult to challenge.

What were your motivations for joining a band in the first place?
Kalvin: Well, none of us particularly wanted to work. Well there was nothing out there for us. You know what it was like – there was no minimum wage. We grew up at school realising that you could get along not doing a lot and we pushed that as far as we could. At the same time we found an outlet, doing the music and living the lifestyle. But eventually you run into a wall realising that some things are a bit unrealistic.
G: For me I came in with the Ruts and Boomtown Rats until a school friend of mine called Keith, who was also in Substandard, told me about a band called Crass who did a record called *Reality Asylum*, which you could get for 45p from Music Plus in Beeston. The first copy got scratched – I couldn't deal with it. It really was challenging – the poster that came with it and what was being said made me felt like I had entered into a totally different world. And that was the start of a very long affair with the anarcho punk thing for me. But my trajectory has been different to Kalv's. I've dipped into and out of punk rock.

What was the thinking behind Geriatric Unit?
K: It started as a loose idea with us getting together, having some fun, making a seven inch record and maybe doing a gig. But when we got into the practice room, we realised we had to do a little more with it.

Geri's kids: Gords gives it some in the name of punk rock

When Gords called you up to ask you to join the band, what had you been doing?
K: Going to work for the family business. I live on the outskirts of Nottingham, and although I've never lost my interest in music, I've lived a very reclusive kind of life. Steve came out from time to time and we would have a few drinks. He said they were going to do this band and asked if I would like to do the bass. I took about a week to mull it over and then said yes. But it's been problematic as we started as a four-piece

with Jim Rushby as the guitarist, but he's got an illness that's got worse over the years, which has made it impossible for him to come out and play live gigs. So we've got a younger lad, Dwayne, who's playing guitar for us live – he's 26. If we hadn't got someone, the band couldn't have continued. We've played 17 shows in four years. When we were younger, we would have done a lot more because we were enthusiastic about it.

The kids are Unitted: A lesson in old-school anger

What is your motivation now?
K: Rallying against the mundane.

What is the combined age of Geriatric Unit?
K: I saw someone estimate it as 120, but they were years out.
G: The average age is around 40, which would make 120, but with Dwayne playing live, we've got to see him as part of the band. He's not some helping hand; he's part of it. What he does is equally important to the way Jim writes for us. That was important – to realise that there was a whole new generation of people coming forward and what they were doing was equally as valid as what we were doing.

"When I was younger and on the dole and playing crazy punk rock I metaphorically stuck two fingers up at anyone I liked. I got away with it, but inevitably you get caught up in the system somewhere."

K: With some of the things that we've encountered, we've realised that there are ways to get round them. With being a little older and a bit more worldly wise when we've encountered brick walls we've been able to climb over them.

How do you feel about the end of Heresy Kalv? You were the best live band of that UK thrash generation and with the *Whose Generation* single, that was it.
K: Can we keep it to one question with Heresy? It's been documented so many times. It's unfortunate how it panned out in the end and it could have been better and we could have gone out on a high of sorts, but we're getting on with something different now.

That's the only Heresy question I promise.
K: Anyone who wants to read more can read Ian Glasper's book (*Caught in a Scene*).
G: Something that hasn't changed is the level of intensity. I come off stage as I did with Hard to Swallow and I've that much adrenaline that I'm feeling sick. In fact, I usually am sick.
K: He's still got the puke on his boots from when we were playing last night and charged straight out...
G: It doesn't matter how old you are or if there's a few people in there, you just give it all you've got in you and mean it. The whole thing's about sincerity really and meaning it.
K: Absolutely. Nobody's here for money really or any other reason. We've all been round the block umpteen times.

How do you feel about the huge number of punk bands currently reforming?
K: Most of the Holidays in the Sun bands I stay clear of. It just seems so insincere – these bands who reform with one original member into middle age. Why can't they start new bands like us, even if that means playing in front of 40 people?
G: It's easy to retreat into the past and to treat it as what's current, but it's not. I do have the utmost respect for those bands that have continued over the years. Bar a minor blip, the Varukers are one of those bands.

And how do you explain Arbitrator?
K: Arbitrator – yeah, there are skeletons in every closet.
G: But with what Rat's done, still touring around, keeping it cheap as fuck and still doing it.

What do you think the motivation is for bands to reform?
G: You would have to ask them.
K: I wonder where a lot of those people had been. They got into the field of work, they married and had kids. Obviously for a lot of them it didn't work out, so they end up in a middle aged crisis until their mates ring up saying they can play in front of hundreds of people.
G: Networks don't disappear either. People are in touch with one another and for some people in bands they get pulled back in.

As middle aged blokes, do you think we have the imperative to grow up that our parents did?
G&K: No
K: We've seen enough of the normal world which we know we have to get by in, but hang on to something you feel strongly about because at the end of the day it will keep you going.
G: For us it's about the friendship and the fun.
K: Yeah, the fun, even in adversity. We went over to Holland the other week and experienced a lot of aggravation to play two gigs there. But the experiences we had over one weekend were what most normal people would have experienced in a year. People in the normal world don't understand that and they wouldn't try to because they hear the music and they just run.

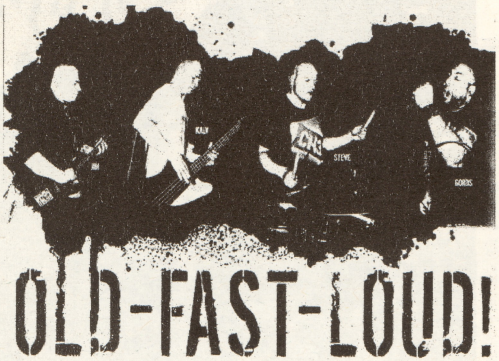
How do normal people, or "normaloes", respond to your experiences?
K: It's difficult to speak to normal people about it because the bulk of them don't get it. For the odd sympathetic ones it sounds like the biggest life changing experience for them and they wonder why they haven't got involved with it. But when they hear the first few bars of music they think you're absolutely cuckoo and don't want anything to do with you.
G: When I talk to colleagues and friends at work about it, I mention punk and there's this default programme that kicks in where they think about the Clash and the Sex Pistols. To mention anything beyond that, because of the underground status of what's gone on over the last 30 years, it doesn't compute for them.

But how do you feel about the way it's grabbed the mainstream?
G: Once the Californian hippies got hold of it and changed it into festivals and footwear... But we're going to chip away at what punk is forever. I ended up doing a bloody doctorate in it.

As the Rolling Stones said, is it a drag getting old?
K: I don't feel any different than I did in my teens and early twenties. I certainly feel wiser from my experiences of growing up. When I was younger and on the dole and playing crazy punk rock I metaphorically stuck two fingers up at anyone I liked. I got away with it, but inevitably you get caught up in the system somewhere. You've got to be either a rich kid with money on your side or you're going to end up in the gutter.
G: None of the band has much in the way of assets except our record collections. This hasn't given us lawnmowers we can sit on. We've not achieved the Utopia – what we've achieved is far more important – a sense of being. To me love is looking at a dirty old transit van and realising the fun and experiences you could have in it. Being able to sit in it and think, "What other crazy sights are going to go past this window in the next year?"

"When I talk to colleagues and friends at work about it, I mention punk and there's this default programme that kicks in where they think about the Clash and the Sex Pistols. To mention anything beyond that, because of the underground status of what's gone on over the last 30 years, it doesn't compute for them."

Meanwhile, do you think our pension funds might be our record collections?
G: That's something we've just written a song about.



UKHC progenitors return older and possibly wiser

Violent Nun was a ground-breaker. And remarks like don't come often, unless you're talking about Ipswich thrashers the Stupids. This band hit the mid 1980s UK punk scene like a whirling dervish, getting to the heart of hardcore happenings across the Atlantic and bunging in a few more frantic moments for good measure.

The record-buying public picked up on their energy and madcap sense of humour; Peel Sessions and Indie chart success followed. David Bowie (see Jailcell Recipes interview for cutting comments on his mid-1980s output) even gave them a mention.

But the Stupids machine ground to a halt with an unstable line-up and loss of direction. Driving force Tommy Stupid was reduced to side project That's It with former members of Youth Brigade, before he really hit rock bottom as a drum and bass DJ.

How reassuring it was then, to see the Stupids headlining this year's Nottingham Punks Picnic, playing their poppy thrashy tunes to an audience of bewildered, ketamined crusties. The people's favourite, *One Way Ticket to Cubesville*, caught up with guitarist Marty to discover the thinking behind the reunion, and to find out what the hell went wrong with the band in the first place.

The Stupids went from obscurity to indie success. So what was behind the wheels coming off the Stupids wagon the first time around?

I think Ed (Shred) wanted more and more input and control, and it was always Tommy's baby, so a clash was inevitable. I got pushed off before the train went into the tunnel. Having spent 20 years parked in an abandoned siding, sneaking into a boxcar was a cinch.

Do you think the Stupids could have taught young upstarts like Green Day and Rancid a

The future is bright: the future is Stupid

lesson or two and played to stadia crammed with screaming fans?
Stadium gigs are shit aren't they?

What would you say were the heady high points and lamentable lows in the life of the Stupids?
High: the subsidised canteen at the BBC. Low: the guy in the support band in Brighton asking if he could borrow my guitar after he broke all six strings on his.

> "Tom was in a bad place. He'd just come out of rehab and I was just about the only person he hadn't borrowed money from."

What reunited the Stupids?
Tom was in a bad place. He'd just come out of rehab and I was just about the only person he hadn't borrowed money from. Rossi used to be a musicial genius but following a car crash, the brain damage left him unable to play Bach on the harpsichord and bass was his only option, so he is there out of pity really.

You went through a pretty frequent line up change. How do you get along now? Has the steady trot to middle age served to mellow each of you?
If anything we are more full of the bitter bile of hatred than ever. The difference is that we are better at directing it now, rrraaaggghh!!!!!

What do you hope for the reformed Stupids? Is world domination on the agenda? Or more modest and comfortable ambitions?
We're just looking for a regular contribution for our pension fund. World domination would be nice, but frankly, the body count would be immense.

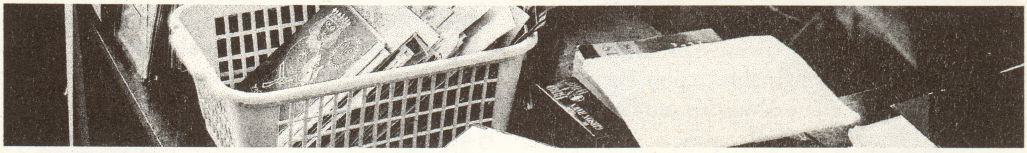
How do you feel about playing live again? Have audiences got any more perceptive or intelligent?
It's like slipping into a warm bath; it feels gooood. But to be honest, that is a ridiculous question. The chances of having a meaningful discourse on dialectical materialism with a Stupids fan are just about the same as they ever were.

What do you think of music in the 21st Century? Do you think the world needs another punk band? Does the world need another dose of Stupidity?
There just seems to be so much more of everything. Music making is much more accessible to the non musician than ever, which is a good and a bad thing. I don't consider us as adding another punk band; we never really went away. There are so many bands who take themselves soooo fucking seriously that there will always be a place for nonsense. The Stupids gave retarded punks hope and dashed it in the same stroke. Simply as a result of the population increase, we have much work to do.

....And do you have any more pearls of wisdom to add?
No, but if you hold still I could probably manage a golden shower.

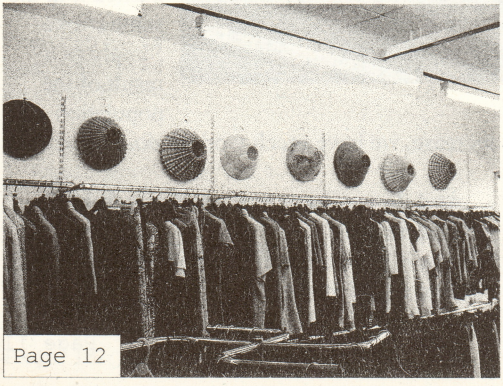
Are high street charity shops full of overpriced shit and old Primark gear? *One Way Ticket to Cubesville* reports

The death of charity shops



Is the charity shop dead? I know most of the stuff in them came from dead people, and you can quite literally end up wearing dead man's shoes, read his books, listen to his records and generally have a good time with his stuff after his family buried him and chucked out a lifetime's worth of tat, but have charity shops lost sight of what they went out to do in the first place?

If they have, then it will also signify a death knell for alternative culture. Charity shops have traditionally played a vital role in providing people with bizarre clothing. From punk, to Two Tone to indie, legions of kids have passed through the doors of charity shops and emerged richer and dapper people for it.



For those of us who grew up in dull, grey provincial Britain, miles away from anywhere remotely cool, these emporiums of tat were essential for people looking for something cheap and exciting, alongside supermarket cider that is.

Above and beyond providing local kids with cool clothes and retro music, charity shops played a vital social function.

In return for cash for noble causes, these places were outlets of cheap goods and clothing for those people who struggle with normal high street prices. In post-war Britain, Oxfam recognised that people were generally skint, but there was a pretty good market among them for second hand clothes, using cheap premises and voluntary labour.

However, Oxfam was also the first to transform its tat emporiums into "proper" high street shops, getting rid of the musky aroma of old stuff and training its staff to use tills and how to treat customers without budging them out of the way or making them have a carrier bag when it's totally inappropriate for the Acker Bilk CD they have just bought and they stated quite clearly that they didn't want one as they had a bag already into which it could easily fit and that they had a kitchen draw full of carrier bags, so no, they didn't want a bag, but you went ahead and gave a bag to them anyway. Didn't you? Didn't you? Yes you did.

Opinion: Charity Shops

You gave them a bag. And are you going to do it again? Are you? No, I rather think you aren't.

But affluent Middle England was rather embarrassed to be seen coming out of an Oxfam shop with a load of clothes n stuff, so the charity cleaned up its act. For a while, things went well for the likes of Oxfam, and charity shop chic reigned among Middle Englanders with an eye for a bargain and, on the back of Live Aid, a soft heart for a good cause.

As well as training up its staff and improving the quality of its wares, Oxfam also raised its prices. Well, it was for a good cause. And others followed suit. The British Heart Foundation and Help the Aged both responded when Oxfam raised the bar, and put up their prices too. And when Oxfam recognised it could compete with second hand book and record shops, cos it was getting them for free and its workers were keen to stand there for no money, it invested in collectors' catalogues and bunged up its prices even more. For years, collectors and compulsives spent hours picking through the tat in the hope of finding an odd obscure or deleted record or first edition, but why should those people reap the rewards on the second hand market when it could generate money for the charity? And, let's face it, pay its management's generous salaries while banging a nail in the coffin of second hand book and record sellers with overheads to think of.

If you spend a lot of time in charity shops, you will like:

- ✓ Voodoo Glow Skulls – *Thrift Shop Junky*
- ✓ Crucifucks – *Democracy Spawns Bad Taste*
- ✓ Class War Kids – *Common Threads*
- ✓ MDC – *Soup Kitchen Celebrity*
- ✓ Pulp – *Help the Aged*

They took things a step further when they began to stock hand crafted ethnic goods and fair trade coffee.

What a far cry from the dingy emporiums of tat frequented by hard-ups, misfits and compulsives.

It's not all bad news though. There might not be any bargains to be had in the likes of Oxfam, but I highly recommend the PDSA shop for unsorted tat, alongside any local hospice shop in your area. The staff they employ are generally much more incompetent and therefore easier to like. There are also plenty of donations from the relatives of dead people with a lifetime of possessions to get rid of, so some gems for the eagle eyed tat hunter.

But as I said at the beginning, the charity shop is dead. If you want a bargain now, discount retailers are the places to go. They trump the likes of Oxfam on affordability, as they rely on low wage economies to make their clothing – great quality for a fraction of the cost. And keeps Third World kids in work too. When the recession kicked in during 2008 and the purse strings of Middle England tightened, guess where they all ended up? Buying handmade Ethiopian bracelets and Columbian Fair Trade coffee in Oxfam? Fuck off, they were all trying on the Primani.

And what will these people do when they've outworn their Primani gear? That's right, give it to a charity shop. You see them now filling up with Primark stuff. And where will the kids of the future dig out the clothes they're going to create tomorrow's alternative cultures? Oxfam? Primark?

When they went out to make as much as they could, charity shops forgot their purpose was a two-way thing – to make money for good causes, and to provide tat to the masses. Charity shops have reflected the quality of tat of their local populations, which has made affluent but teeth-grindingly dull places like Southport, Harrogate, Ilkley and Knutsford interesting and exciting places to visit. Otherwise these shops are branded outlets for overpriced coffee and Christmas cards drawn by disadvantaged children (although these make the most shocking cards). Second hand tat, like the subcultures that have fed on it, has been driven underground.

Killer Punk Rock Pub Quiz

Everybody dreams of living in a pub, like. Endless pints of bitter on tap, as many bar snacks as you can eat and free pool forever is, for any rational person, Utopia. Chuck in a few Scandinavian barstaff for good measure, and who could possibly hope for more?

Such is the attraction of the pub, that one day we will all live in one. Indeed, far into the future the human race will found a progressive, egalitarian society populated by pub-dwelling superhumans. In this Brave New World, cars will be obsolete because everybody will either be too drunk to drive, or waiting their turn on the pool table. Conversation between the people of Pubworld will revolve around sports and music, tactfully skirting contentious issues like religion, politics and regionalism.

Other than pool, darts and table football, Pubworlders will entertain themselves with a nightly communal pub quiz, in which they develop their intellects with challenging questions on a range of stimulating topics.

The Pubworlder will be well versed on general knowledge, but they will be most outspoken and strongly opinionated on subjects they actually know fuck all about. And after a few pints of nourishing best bitter, it will be damn near impossible to shut them up on these subjects.

To accompany this glimpse of the future, we here at *One Way Ticket to Cubesville* have carefully constructed a pub quiz that you the reader can do in your own home and pretend that you are some pub-dwelling superbeing from the future.

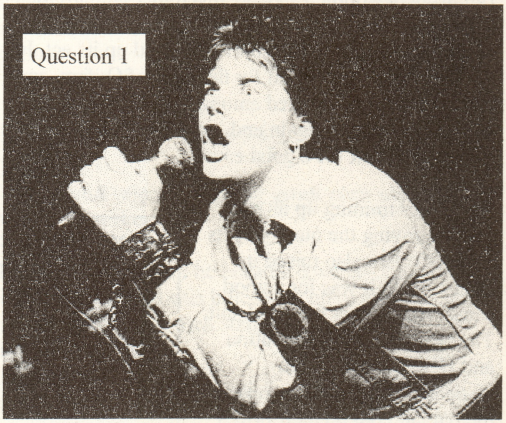
While you're at it, why not build your very own pub Utopia in your front room? All you need is a keg of real ale, a jumbo box of pickled onion Monster Munch and an enormous jar of mouth watering pickled gherkins.

To make your home pub especially realistic, get a group of your friends to stand in a huddle, smoking cigarettes on your doorstep. For a truly authentic pub experience, try not cleaning the toilet until you can smell it throughout the whole house, and then invite several people you don't like to wee on the floor and then to sit round getting steadily more drunk and obnoxious until you have to kick them out.

Note: This quiz is especially hard to beat the texters and Googlers. You're just spoiling it for everyone else you know.

Round 1: Dead Rock and Rollers

For Questions 1 to 5, name the dead US punkers pictured on these pages.

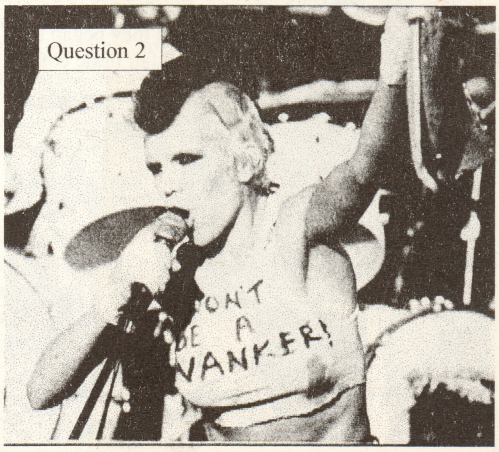


Round 2: Before they were famous

This round uncovers the murky punk rock past of people in mainstream media.

Question 6: Before *Masterchef*, and before *Through the Keyhole*, posh yank and *bon viveur* Lloyd Grossman fronted which 1970s Boston punk rock group?

Question 7: Actor Tim Roth got his big break as psychotic skinhead Trevor in 1980s drama *Made in Britain*. To get the part, he claims to have staged a mock fight outside the audition with a member of which London psychobilly hellraisers?



Question 8: Before he became a professional ginger bastard, ginger bastard Mick Hucknall sang for which upwardly mobile ginger-bastard-fronted Manchester punkers with a ginger bastard singer?

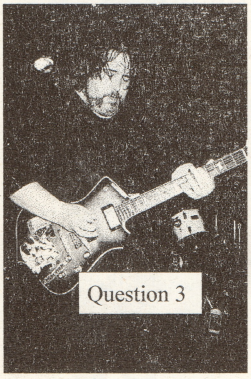
Question 9: Duff McKagan, formerly of Guns n Roses, also played in which explosive US hardcore band?

Question 10: Dave Grohl made his name drumming for Washington legends Scream before joining big shots Nirvana ("big shots" - geddit?!?!) and forming his own band the Poo Fighters. Name his first recording band.

Round 3: Down on the Farm

For this round, punk rock leaves the familiarity, safety and security of the city and takes a trip out to the countryside, with its acrid stench of animal faeces, rat infested barns and pubs full of humourless, violent farm workers.

Question 11: Which hoary old Bristoleon punkers recorded and performed a song about farmyards many, many times over, without considering for a single minute that the joke had in any way worn thin?


Question 3

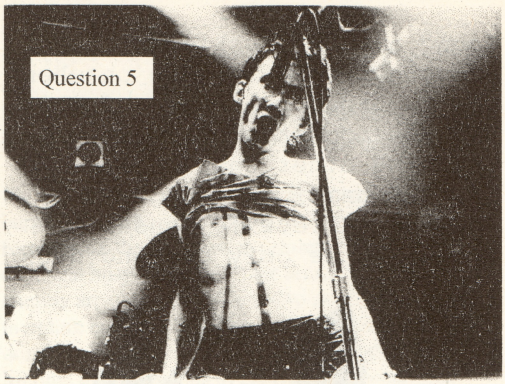
Question 4

Question 12: To which farm did the Dead Kennedys cluck off to on their *Frankenchrist* album?

Question 13: Which German punk legends' name translates as "Ve are ze Black Sheeps from Germany – aiieee"?

Question 14: Which 1970s punks called for a *New Religion*?

Question 15: Which anarcho punks, featuring former members of AOS3 and the astonishingly bad festival dub group RDF, exclaimed: "Oh no, it's the pigs"?


Question 5

Round 4: Punk poetry

Simply complete these punk rock Limericks to find the name of the band.

Question 16:
It's a punk band that's played all the clubs,
Bars, bierkellers and pubs.
They've played all over these parts,
They've even been in the charts!
And in this fanzine, they've the xxxxxx.

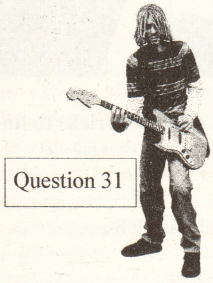
Question 17:
They played like they had been plugged into the electricity mains,
And the bands they supported were often shamed.
They did it while high
On Jah Rastafari,
They're from Washington DC and called xxxxxxx.

Question 18:
This grrrl band was fond of the odd tinney,
Not stuck in the kitchen wearing a pinney.
They were so in your face
They didn't even have a bass,
They were also formed in Washington and called xxxxx.

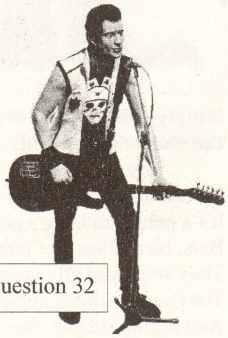
Question 19:
In the 1980s Brtish hardcore boom
The mode was for black clothes and gloom.
And upholding that trend
Was a young Brummy band
Known simply as xxxxx

Question 20:
This 1980s skin punk band was ace!
They came from Croydon and were right in your face.
But they remain quite obscure
With an output that was poor
With just Wheat from the Chaff, such was the xxxx.

Round 5: What fucking planet did you think you were on when you recorded that pile of shit? Did you honestly think it was anything other than a complete load of camel droppings? Because believe me sunshine, you were the only one who did, like!



Question 31

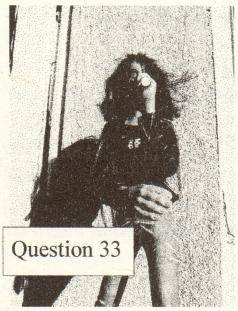


Question 32

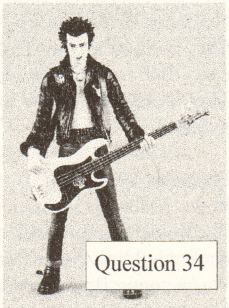
This round highlights some oversights in artists' recording careers.

Question 21: On which single did Mancunian Oi! legends Blitz get to grips with the phone network, having lost all touch with reality?

Question 22: *Grave New World* and *Massacre Divine* were jaw-droppingly bad albums recorded by which celebrated band?



Question 33



Question 34

Question 23: After he left Sham 69, Jimmy Pursey embarked on a solo career, releasing albums that became progressively worse as he genuinely, genuinely lost the plot like. His first one had some good moments though. What was it?

Question 24: On which album did the panto punks the Damned discard talent, originality and style and reveal themselves as a fourth rate pub rock act, the saving moment of which was a version of the Love classic *Alone Again Or*?

Question 25: Which 1970s punk band featured radio DJ Mark Radcliffe in one line-up, and recorded the album *All Skrewed Up*, before they split up and returned as by far the least savoury band of the 1980s punk era.

Round 6: Punk goes to the pictures

This round celebrates those punk rock moments on the silver screen.

Question 26: Before he became covered head to foot in Di, Dodi Fayed was billed executive producer in which tale of punk rock stardom?

Question 27: Which US punk film told the tale of two kids raising hell in a conservative mormon stronghold?

Question 28: Iggy Pop and Steve Jones joined forces to record the title music for which punk rock sci-fi masterpiece?

Question 29: Which camera-wielding DJ was responsible for *The Punk Rock Movie*?

Question 30: Which early arthouse stab at punk moviemaking featured such prancing, pouting prima donnas as Toyah Wilcox, Adam Ant, Wayne County and Gene October?

Question 35

Round 7: Plastic punks

In this second picture round, name the punks on this page who achieved immortality in the form of an injection moulded plastic doll. Questions 31 to 35.

Now tot up your scores and look up the answers on the page 27.

McCubesville's

punk rock burger bar

In association with Percy the Punk Rock Penguin

groovyveganfood@blogspot.com

Welcome to McCubesville's, the only anarcho-vegan punk rock burger bar in town. Before we get settled down, let's get something straight from the start – wholefood just ain't punk rock. Why is it that as a vegan, I've been condemned to sit among cranks and hippies in order to find something to when I'm out and about. Yeah, I like healthy food, but who gave the monopoly on vegetarian restaurants to the least rocknroll people in town? Tie-dyed hippies in open-toed wellies and and nerds with dandruff and bottle glasses. All to a soundtrack of wholemeal folk or a chorus of Bolivian peasant noseflutes. Bleeaurgh.

I want my food to rock like a mother.

I want it served by hyperactive people playing air guitar or leaping around to a soundtrack of punk fucking rock. And no less.

Just cos you're vegetarian, it doesn't qualify you to work in a vegetarian restaurant like, so pull your finger out and put some raw passion into your food, or bugger off like.

Condition Red: Diners are urged to take cover as Chef reaches the end of his comfort break

If you run a vegetarian restaurant that sounds like the hippy hell I've just described, strip out the wicker chairs, the hand-written menu board and FSC-certified timber cladding, kick the hippies on the staff out onto the cold, uninviting street, and inject yourself a whole heap of rock n roll into the operation. A 1950s-style chrome-plated palace of cheap eats and some loud, fast, uncompromising music should fit the bill.

And if there's something worse than hippies serving ethical food, it's when you see cool, switched-on-looking people walking into burger bars. C'mon, what kind of a brainless twat does it take to eat in these places?

Dream on loser: The burgers you make will not look like this one – just get on with your sad life and forget it

If you eat meat, then you're killing the animal, you're killing the planet and you're killing yourself. I don't care if you choose to kill yourself – up to you like, but I do about the other two.

Meat diets account for around a fifth of greenhouse emissions and this year the United Nations and Lord Stern have both recommended vegetarianism to lessen their effects. If you want to listen to your rock n roll while the waves lap around your feet, you're a sad, deluded person.

Diets healthy for people, animals and the planet don't have to be rubbish and served by hippies, but they do require some of that punk rock imagination.

And this is the first step along that route. Here are a few recipes from *Cubesville*-affiliated blog, *Percy the Punk Rock Penguin*. They're dead easy, dead tasty and can be eaten to a soundtrack of heads-down-and-charge punk rock. So get that frying pan out and eat yourself, and the planet, fitter.

If you like punk rock burgers, you might want to listen to...

- ✓ Vandals – *Anarchy Burger (Hold the Government)*
- ✓ MDC – *Corporate Deathburger*
- ✓ Electro Hippies – *Run Ronald*
- ✓ Peter & the Test Tube Babies – *Wimpeez are Shit*
- ✓ Jello Biafra with Mojo Nixon – *Burgers of Wrath*

Kidney bean coronary

1 tin kidney beans
2 tablespoons tomato paste
1 tablespoon tahini
1 tablespoon rosmary
1 medium red chilli
½ green pepper finely chopped
1 spring onion
½ cup rolled oats
2 tablespoons roasted sunflower seeds

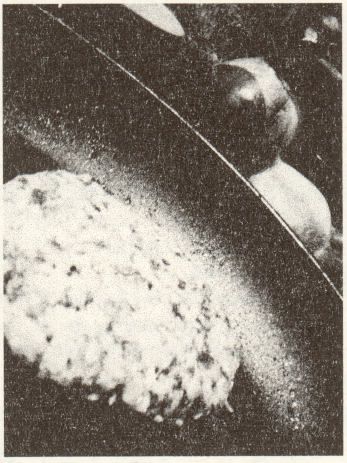
Put the kidney beans, tomato paste, tahini, chilli and oats in a bowl and mash together with a potato masher. Add the remaining ingredients and mix together.
Shallow fry on a high heat in olive oil until golden brown on both sides, and then turn down the heat and cook for a further five minutes to cook them all the way through.

Punk rock sweet potato, polenta and sweetcorn mash up

Top tip - try listening to some Mexpunk like the Plugz when you're making these.

1 tin sweetcorn
1 small sweet potato
2 spring onions
75g polenta
25g wholewheat flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
1 tablespoon sage
1 tablespoon parsley

First, peel and chop the sweet potato and boil in half an inch of water. While it's bubbling away, mix the polenta, flour, baking powder and herbs in a large bowl.
When the sweet potato is soft, mash in its water. Drain the sweetcorn and add to the bowl together with the watery, mashed sweet potato.
Mix well and leave to stand while you heat 1cm of oil in a frying pan. Shape the batter into fritters and fry until golden brown.



Belch-tastic BlackBean Burgers

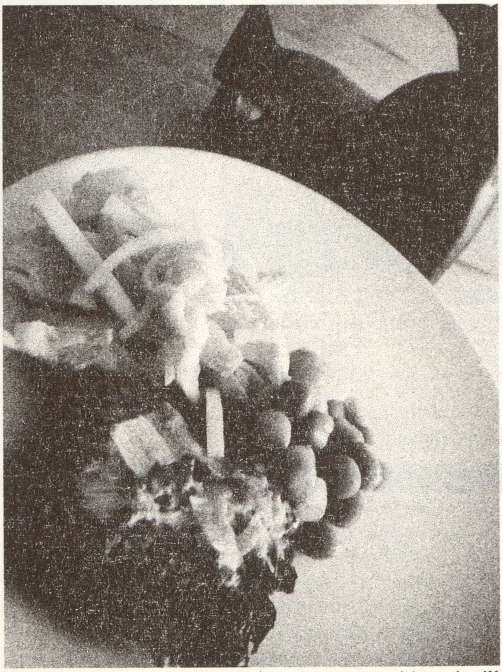
½ cup flour
2 minced garlic cloves
½ teaspoon dried oregano
1 minced small hot chilli
1 tablespoon oil
½ medium red pepper
1 can black beans
½ cup breadcrumbs
¼ teaspoon cumin
½ teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons chilli powder
2 tablespoons minced fresh parsley

Get a small plate and put the flour to one side to use as coating. On a medium-high heat, heat the oil in a saucepan and saute the onion, garlic, oregano and chilli pepper until the onion becomes translucent. Add the red pepper and saute for another two minutes until the pepper is tender. Set aside.

Mash the beans in a large bowl. Stir in the onion/pepper mix and the remaining ingredients. Give it a good mix. Make into burger shapes and coat each side in flour. Then fry them in a lightly oiled frying pan on a medium-high heat until golden brown.

The lentil ward

¾ cup wheatgerm
1 can mashed lentils
1 cup breadcrumbs
¼ cup chopped onions
3 tablespoons oil
½ teaspoon salt and ½ teaspoon of black pepper



Put two tablespoons of wheatgerm to one side – that'll be used for coating. In a medium bowl, mash together the remaining wheatgerm with the other ingredients. Make them into burger shapes and coat each side in the wheatgerm. Fry on a medium-high heat till golden brown.

Courgette and leek squeek

½ courgette
½ average leek
½ cup wholewheat flour
½ cup gram flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
1 teaspoon chopped dill

Easy one this, and it's in here as a bit of a filler. Great for people who are sick of courgettes – there's only so much you can do with one that's tasteful and/or legal. Leeks are cool though and add plenty of flavour whenever they appear.
Grate the courgette and finely chop the leek. Bung in a bowl with the other ingredients and mix well together. Shallow fry until, yes, they are golden brown.

Burger factfile:

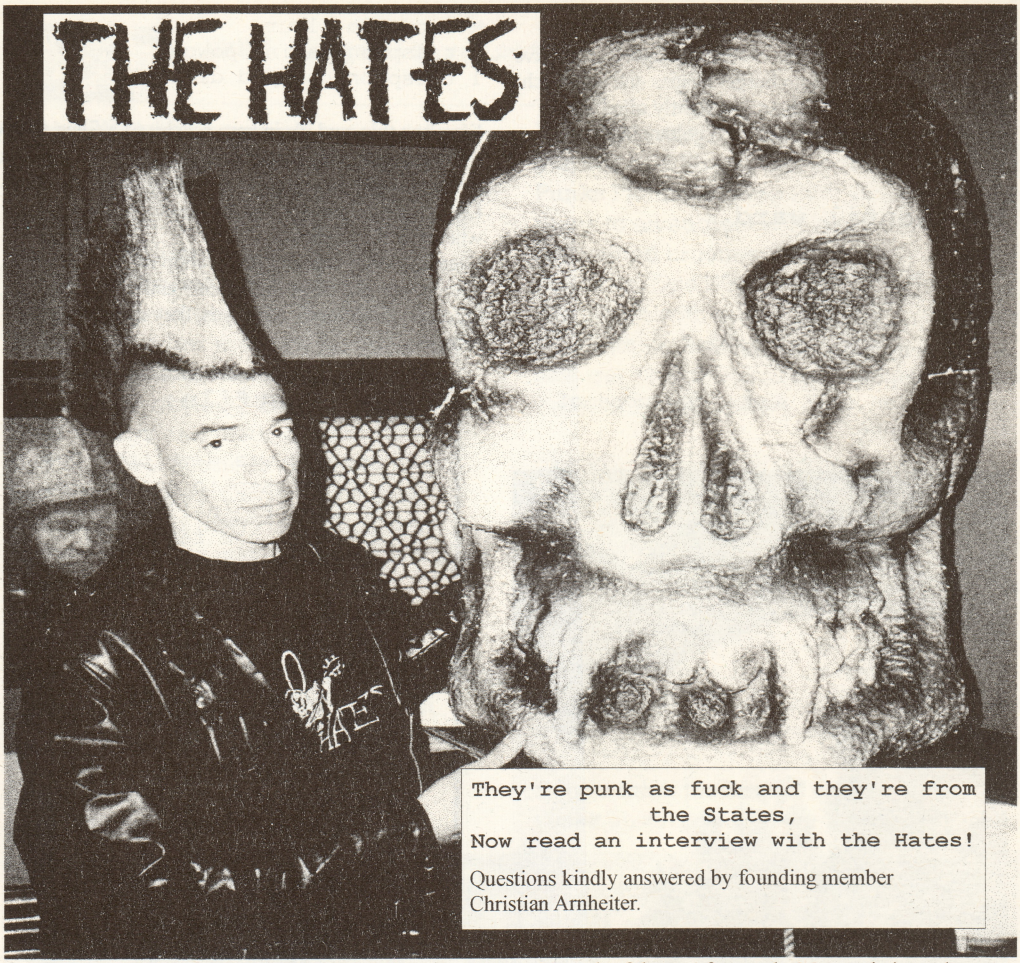
- Mustard was developed for its antiseptic qualities. It was originally served to kill off the festering bacteria prevalent in hotdogs bought from street vendors and burgers served in filthy Dickensian high street burger bars.
- Half-rancid pickled cucumbers, also known as "gherkins" lent their name to the lethal curved daggers used by the fearsome Gurkhas of the British army.

Check out Percy the Punk Rock Penguin at:
http://groovyveganfood.blogspot.com/

Featured Product: Cock Soup

This one I found in a New York supermarket. The ingredients contain more Es than a Newport nightclub, but it doesn't look like Cock Flavoured Soup Mix contains any animal products. Not even the Spicy one shown here. Even so, would American vegetarians risk it?

THE HATES

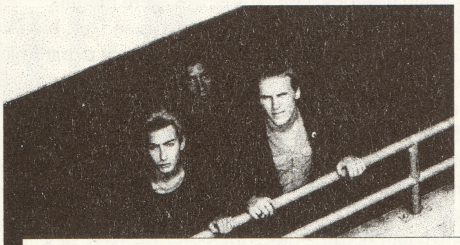


They're punk as fuck and they're from the States,
Now read an interview with the Hates!

Questions kindly answered by founding member Christian Arnheiter.

The Hates pre-date, and have out-lived, other innovative Texan groups from Stickmen With Rayguns to the Butthole Surfers to DRI. What originally drew you to the underground punk scene?
I saw the Ramones in 1975. After there second show in Houston I stopped at a services for petrol and went inside as they drove up. I took photos and got to chat with each of them. Afterwards, Monty, their road manger, came over shook my hand and thanked me for being so polite to them. Hearing, as well as meeting them, helped me realise what direction I could go with playing guitar. I stopped taking guitar lessons, which were on jazz, playing stuff like *Girl from Ipanema* and *On a Clear Day*, and proceeded to write and to form a band.

How do you view punk bands who have become darlings of the mainstream?
It helps me not live in obscurity. I drive a scooter, and just yesterday in the traffic this lady rolls down her window and tells me she remembers seeing the Ramones when she lived in Seattle, unlike all these people walking around just wearing the T-shirt. I've actually been asked several times to speak at a University of Houston class on Modern Culture, when they get to the chapter on Punk Rock. One of the students asked me if I'd ever imagine punk would be in a text book



Young Spartans: The Hates in the 1970s with Lawrence Baker(drums) and Paul Minot (bass)

Your first release was the pessimistic prediction, *No Talk in the 80s*. Do you think things turned out that bad, and do you think we've learned any lessons?
Not here in Texas. Not even the recession has hit us in Houston.

You've been playing angry music since 1978. What still makes you angry? Do you find you get angrier the older you get?
I have still have those messages in my music but I feel every time I meet someone on the street they always seem to like one of my humorous or energetic songs. I used to get on my soap box, but now I just want to see people have fun at our shows. Hey, I am still a working stiff at the end of the day, and if it is our show you've chosen to come to, well it's time for us to shut up and play.

If you like the Hates, you might also enjoy:

- ✓ DIY punk
- ✓ Mohawks with scooters
- ✓ Growing old kicking and screaming

Is there such a thing as Angry Old Punk Syndrome?
No. That is counterproductive. Stay out of my way curmudgeon. There are not many people in my position so let me make some positives.

You've gone through your fair share of line-up changes. Who are you playing with at the moment? Is there much of an age gap in the band? Do you think the gap between ages and generations still exists in the way it has before?
No, it is great that some young people don't have to rebel against there parents because they have something in common. We currently have Dave Deviant on bass and Joel Mora drums. The latest line up age is Dave and Joel are 38, and I am 54.

And do you feel the same imperative to grow up that existed in your parent's generation?
I do not feel I was ever trying to make people come over to my point of view or life style. I want to coexist, and many people on the street still do not understand me. But I feel that depends on me and not negative stereotypes.

What day jobs have you had to hold down to support your punk rock lifestyle? How do your colleagues relate to it?
I've worked at City of Houston as an engineer for 27 years and I felt very fortunate to be able to work there sporting a mohawk. There have been times I have had people who tried to stop me from wearing it at work, but I tried to be polite and to ride it out, and won. It even made the newspaper and TV news.

Have you ever told your boss to shove the job in order to play punk rock?
Yes. I worked in a machine shop back in 1977. I had a supervisor who thought his religious views and taste in classical music shop gave him the authority to boss me around and talk to me in a condescending way. A rep from Cherry Red Records had just visited me at work and was wanting to pitch to his superiors an LP entitled *No Talk in the 80s*. It never happened, but fuelled by the prospect of being signed and the attitude I now had from getting the Hates playing at local venues made me tell him he needed to back off. Now I couldn't care less about that. Playing in the Hates is a great escape from the daily grind. So I'd rather keep it to myself.

What fuels your engine as you chug along the road of rocknroll?
I do not do it for the attention, but riding on my scooter with a mohawk gets me noticed sometimes. And when some SUV-driving soccer mom has to lower her windows and says her kids just love it when they get a chance to see me, it is empowering. There is always a honk from another car giving me the thumbs up. I've been told I am a Houston icon.

Contact the Hates: hates@gmail.com
Find the Hates: www.thehates.com

JAILCELL RECIPES

Far from being the violent, dull, dilapidated northern backwater it often portrayed as, Wigan has a cultural contribution that far outweighs its size.

Forty years after George Orwell's depictions of shoeless children in *Road to Wigan Pier*, it was the epicentre of Northern Soul. In another 15 years, it was again at the heart of a musical explosion – that of UKHC. Any hardcore band worth its salt played the Wigan Den, while Alan's Records stocked weird and wonderful sounds unheard of anywhere else.

Alongside the Electro Hippies, Jailcell Recipes burst from that scene, taking a lead from US hardcore and adding some UK grit. Although much loved, Jailcell Recipies did the rounds a few times and then disappeared in the early 1990s after a couple of albums and singles.

Fast forward to 2009, and three of the band's original line-up get back together to form Bail Bond, and treated punters at the Leeds Packhorse to a set of Jailcell Recipes numbers to-boot.

Such an event was like sweets to a toddler to *One Way Ticket to Cubesville*. Guitarist Jamie and drummer Ian were herded together to give the lowdown on the fall and rise of Jailcell Recipes. And David Bowie...

What happened to the band the first time round?

I: I was probably the initiator of the split because I left to go travelling, which was cool for me but there were three other parties involved.

J: The thing about bands is it's they're about a lot more than the instrument you play, they're about the personalities involved. There were some very extreme personalities within the band and what held it together was the bridge between me and the other members. When Ian left we got Karl Pollard who was a fantastic lovely guy and we went to Ireland and got the Green Day tour but my heart wasn't in it any more. Then we got our gear nicked in Birkenhead and I said, "Thank fucking god for that, I can't do it any more." It got to the point where we would keep going round and round the same circuit or sign with an agency.

You were at a very pivotal point in punk rock.

J: I always think Jailcell Recipes were the link between the Electro Hippies and Green Day, but I've never met anyone else who wants to make that link. I was dead into the Electro Hippies, they were a catalyst for the Wigan scene alongside Alan's record shop. I still rate the Electro Hippies Peel Session as one of the greatest hardcore records ever made. We originally had Dom out of the Electro Hippies in us and we started out pretty fast, but gradually slowed down and became more melodic. We were in a position where we could play with Heresy or Green Day and still fit in. Or we'd go down really badly at both.

Why reform?

J: We're not reforming really. There's me, Ian and Dave but without Robbie it's not Jailcell Recipes – it's something else. That's why we're doing Bail Bond.

I: We've all been doing different things for 15 years with different musical influences and different lifestyles in different countries, but we have got a bond, it's an unspoken thing. I've known Dave since I was about 12 and he learned to play the bass as I learned the drums.

J: I joined when I was about 17. They were a bit older than me.

You were the boy of the band.

J: That's right, I was the little boy of the band. But I've been doing music all the time, whether it's with different bands but I've not played any live stuff in a long time. I fancied playing something loud again and I thought Dave and Ian would fancy it. It's easier to do things than it used to be. Communication is easier, even recording is easier.

Do you think music has the same appeal if it's easier to find?

J: The gratifying thing is the hunt. You felt like you were a part of something. I don't mean that in an elitist

way, but you just felt like you were with like minded people. You had to make an effort and you really understood the music. I think that's what appealed to people like me and Ian. It's making the effort that makes it more gratifying.
I: I live in France and it's a £200 ferry. I've got to feed myself. I know it's only money, but it's a commitment. I had about £900 to my name and have paid £600 for a round trip.

How are you dealing with this long distance relationship?
I: I received a CD with half a dozen tracks which Jamie had played the drums on in the style of me and he laid the bass down in the style of Dave and we just learned the parts. So I've been sat in a shed with my drums and my headphones on for a month.
J: I can do really good demos on my own now. You just set your laptop up and do it. It's a lot easier. Booking a good studio and getting it recorded decently which you couldn't do before – Heresy's first stuff came out bad, Carcass's first LP came out bad, our first LP came out bad. All that's solved now. And the music is more mainstream so the engineers understand it.

Behind bars: Irish tour before their 1992 split

If you could do something different, what would it be?
J: Nothing at all. Music-wise, you've got to make mistakes and put them down to experience.

Finally, I wanted to ask you if you could get into your rock and roll Tardis and go to any time and place, where would it be?
I: If I could pick a point in the Jailcell era, it would be three-quarters of the way through, before I was getting unhappy with the fact we weren't getting invited back to the states. We would have people ringing us like the Gorilla Biscuits wanting us to open for them in Europe. But it never came back round. It was ace playing with bands whose albums we were listening to. Unbelievable. People like Ray Cappo of Youth of Today getting in touch.

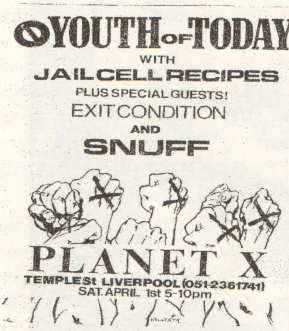
Crikey, I was at their gig in Liverpool after I'd spent all afternoon in Flanagan's Apple and made a fool of myself...
J: You just couldn't get away with that these days, it would be all over YouTube the next day.

And where would you take your rock and roll Tardis Jamie?
J: Probably to watch the Fall at some point. But I'm not bothered about the past. I don't want to go back or forward, I'm quite happy in the present.
I: Minor Threat or Black Flag... I can't decide between the two. Or Pink Floyd before Sid fucked off. There's loads of stuff.

And if you could go back and stop anyone from recording a particular album?
I: Our first album.
J: What about David Bowie's *Tonight* album? The one after *Let's Dance*.

But that's awful.
J: But it has *Let's Dance* on it which was a big pop hit.

This was in between *Let's Dance* and *Tin Machine*.
J: He cashed in his commercial chips. He just thought he wanted to be like Jagger – all these other guys were really big and making loads of money and he thought, "What about me?" I saved up my summer holiday money and I could only afford to buy one album. I went to an Our Price or something. We were on holiday and had no record player, so I was reading the lyrics and finally got it home. I put it on and thought, "That's not very good," so I skipped one track and then another. It's the commercial album that didn't work. That was the beginning of the decline of Bowie, because after that he did *Never Let Me Down*, which was even worse and then he did *Tin Machine*. But Mr David Bowie, if you're reading this, I do commend you for doing the *Heathen* album, which is a good return to form.



Innovation comes from the most unlikely places. Tavistock, in the case of the Amebix. Blending Killing Joke rhythm with Motorhead ferocity in a big steaming cauldron of punk rock anarchy, the West Country's Amebix chugged through the first half of the 1980s like a huge dark fucking juggernaut. Their first album, *Arise*, released through Alternative Tentacles, might have caused label owner Jello Biafra to review his earlier dismissive comment that British hardcore was just "heavy metal dogturds". But the Amebix's second album, *Monolith*, proved anything but, with a subdued production that lacked the huge dark rumblings of their live sound.
As a forerunner to UK hardcore-thrash of the late 1980s, the juggernaut lost direction when new kids came along wanting to take things up a gear. It broke down and was abandoned on the hard shoulder of the rock n roll highway.

But 20 years later, and with a lasting influence on punk and metal, the Amebix decided to start the juggernaut up once again and get back on the road with live shows and new material. *One Way Ticket to Cubesville* tracked down co-founder Rob "The Baron" Miller to the Isle of Skye, where he now crafts swords, to hear first-hand the reason behind the resurrection and how the Amebix have dealt with a world that moved on since its primordial beginnings.

What brought the Amebix back together?
The Risen DVD Project really brought about the opportunity to look at Amebix afresh,and to see what we had achieved in our time. It presented us with a window of opportunity, particularly when Roy Mayorga volunteered to join us, Spider being unable to do so due to tinnitus.
We originally intended recording some old songs and seeing how they would sound nowadays, but it snowballed from there, as Stig, Roy and I got on so well together as friends,we decided to take it on the road. We played 23 Shows in America, Canada and Europe in a space of eight months, and had a great time doing that.

How did you feel visiting the band's music again?
It was interesting. I knew that we wanted to see if the energy was still there, as the deeper roots of our music was always important to us, and I think we managed to manifest everything that we wanted to in the 80s within this last year. The lyrical message still takes me into a personal journey and sort of vision space.

Do you feel the same intensity playing live these days? Are you able to reach the same depths and recesses of of the soul?
Oh absolutely. With better lighting, sound and equipment we are able to put things across so much better than a brightly lit Working Mens' Club in Newcastle!

How does it feel to talk to people whose lives were shaped by your music?
Humbling in many ways; it seems that the music has become a soundtrack for a lot of people's lives, and there is a responsibility there which we wanted to live up to. Amebix was always about hope and self empowerment, and it was really gratifying to see people who really "got it", as we felt very much ignored back in the day.

What has been the soundtrack to your own life?
Different things at different times really, T Rex, Bowie, Springsteen, Monteverdi, Accept, Mercyful

Fate, Powderfinger; lots of different stuff for different times.

You trod a path pretty close to the edge when you were around in the 1980s. Were there any times you can bring yourself to recount when you stared over the edge into the black depths below?
I think that question should go to Stig, as he has faced a lot of darkness and continues through that. For me there were always struggles and a fight to realise life as it is meant to be. Now I find myself in my mid forties, many things are resolved; the urgency and dynamism of my younger days is no longer there, it is more a time for reflection.

If you like big chugging punk metal juggernauts, you will also like:

- ✓ Antisect - *In Darkness, There is No Choice*
- ✓ Hellbastard - *Heading for Internal Darkness*
- ✓ Deviated Instinct - *Welcome to the Orgy*
- ✓ Napalm Death - *Smear Campaign*
- ✓ Extreme Noise Terror - *A Holocaust in Your Head*

How has middle age greeted you? Comfortable and content, or still out there?
Oops, I just answered that. I suppose there is little anger, just a need for the Right to prevail, trying to make the best of what time we have, and leave something of worth for future generations. Something that will inspire and lead to positive change in people. It's over-optimistic to expect that of music, but we can only try to manifest what is best in us.

The Amebix stood on a crossroads between different musical tribes back then. What shaped you back then and do you think music has the same strong sense of tribalism today?
I think music is a lot more restrictive in some ways; it's all about labels and sub genre cliques. We came back to find ourselves labelled as a "crust punk" band. There was no such thing when we were first around. Amebix is just Amebix. I don't want to be corralled into some comfort zone for the instant click consumer out there. I expect people to engage on a more open level with our music, not try to put us in a box. It must be impossible for people to get anywhere musically now; there are so many bands, everyone and their dog is playing something and everyone expects instant recognition but they still try to define themselves by other people.

What was the feeling behind calling time on the band after *Monolith*?
We felt that we were stagnating, getting little support back for anything we had done in 10 years. *Arise* was almost only a posthumous success. *Monolith* didn't go anywhere, and we were also in danger of getting too "metal" in some ways, compromising in a sense what we had as our own originality – the original punk ethos of making your own music how you want it, not the conformity of the 80s.

In a parallel universe, the Amebix stayed together. Where do you see that band - what are they doing, and what's Alternative-Amebix's music like?
Nahhhhh....there is no way we could have carried on. Maybe we might have been swept up with Napalm Death, when that erupted within months of our demise and punk-metal became a new phenomenon. But that would only have made us compromised, we needed to die and get some perspective, what we are writing has really been true to who we are now and not formed by what is around us – it's good to be true to ourselves again.

In keeping with the resurrection theme of this issue of *One Way Ticket to Cubesville*, the only records reviewed will be from bands who have either reformed or feature people who were around when this fanzine was last published 15 years ago. Consequently, we're missing out on my favourite stuff. The thing about music these days is I keep going to gigs and having my socks blown off by dead good stuff. And a real wealth of it.
So *One Way Ticket to Cubesville* has plundered those remaining releases worth a shout.

Terveet Kadet – *Ihnisen Poika, Pedon Poika*
(Kamaset Levyt Records/Longplay Music)

Somewhere in the annals of punk rock history, they forgot to give enough respect to the legacy of Finland. Discharge left D-Beat behind, Napalm Death claim grindcore and Disorder spawned a legion of shambolic drunken punk acts, but it's time Fin-Beat got the recognition it deserves. Terveet Kadet were banging out fast noisy music while Discharge were still dreaming of being the next Pistols. And after 30 years of churning out brutal, heads down and charge hardcore punk, Terveet Kadet have released another Fin-beat masterpiece. How reassuring it is to hear that middle age has done nothing to dull the ferocity of Laja's incomprehensible screaming and that a 50-year-old family man finds plenty to get angry about. Ihnisen Poika's ten bursts of proto-thrash are rarely allowed the decadence of lasting more than one minute each, but do they need it? Terveet Kadet gallop through them with a majesty gained from splitting eardrums since the 1970s.

www.punkinfinland.net/kamanen

Jello Biafra and the Guantanamo School of Medicine – *The Audacity of Hype*
(Alternative Tentacles)

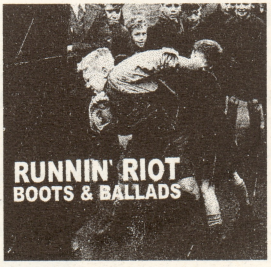
You can take your Jello Biafras and your Ralph Spights and sod off! Their ingenuity and persistence are qualities we here at *Cubesville* deplore. This episode of the people's favourite, *One Way Ticket to Cubesville* is about bands who have reformed and people who were around when the fanzine last hit the streets 15 years ago. Retro-action, hindsight and reassurance are the values we most highly cherish, and the original aim of putting out this zine. How dare Biafra, and especially guitarist Spight, who appeared in Issue 2 with his band the Victims Family, make a record that has relevance, meaning and value to the world today. Fair enough, some of the material is recycled – *Electronic Plantation* and *New Feudalism* were originally recorded by Jello's No WTO Combo – but the coming together of Biafra at his sardonic best with Spight's quirky, angular guitar has produced something with the eerie qualities of *Frankenchrist* set in the twisted, sordid world of 2009. Stick-out tracks *Pets Eat Their Master, Strength Through Shopping* and *Clean as a Thistle* demonstrate the inane futility of a Dead Kennedys reunion.

~~Hidden Punk Rock Pub Quiz answers:~~

Oi! The Spotlight: The Good, the Bad and the Dirty Dozen

Runnin Riot – *Boots and Ballads*
Last Resort – *You'll Never Take Us: Skinhead Anthems II*
Bakers' Dozen – *Wolves Within the Walls*

The last time London struck a claim in punk rock music was when the Oi! bands emerged at the turn of the 1980s. This last stand was to be short lived; the voices of East End kids were drowned by those from the provinces and regions. When you're on the sharp end of Thatcherism, the plight of lager-swilling London builders paled compared to that of unemployed youths in Nottingham and Newcastle, Doncaster and Dundee. Oi! laced up its Doctor Martins boots, zipped up its Harrington and marched out of the capital.



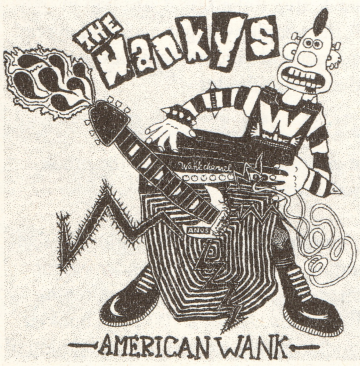
Belfast street rockers Runnin' Riot have notched up a fourth album, Boots and Ballads with the energy and

vitality that brought us such anthems as *Punishment Beating*, *Alcoholic Heroes* and *Judge, Jury and Executioner*. With a bluesy sophistication worthy of Cock Sparrer, *Boots and Ballads* shows a band that's found its form and got to grips with songwriting, as it stomps through 11 tales of life, love and unlicensed bouts of drinking on the streets of Belfast. Standout moments include *Frank* and *King of the Swig*. Runnin' Riot don't shrink from their punk and blues heritage, while Oi! music never sounded harsher than when it is sung in a Belfast accent.

If *Boots and Ballads* is, if you'll pardon the pun, the voice of the oppressed, Last Resort's *You'll Never Take Us* is the reverse, as it parades about in an England shirt, waving a George cross flag and complaining about Japanese tourists on the tube. Sadly, it does nothing to build on the London band's reputation as an early street punk band and musically even falls flat of the reworking of previous songs on *Resurrection*, layering Sun reader sentiments over painfully limited punk. *Cockleshell Heroes* extols the virtues of seaside violence, while *String Em Up* calls for muggers, rapists and wife beaters to be hung by their private parts and shot in the face. Oof. Enough.

Meanwhile, Bakers Dozen, who feature former members of Edinburgh drunk punks Beergut 100, re-emerge with *Wolves in the Walls*. Determined to flog Oi! the Parody till well after its sell-by date, the latest album marches through such close cropped numbers as *100% British Oi!*, *Streets of No Mercy* and *Ready for War*. And all sung with an Edinburgh-cum-cockney brogue. The Scots capital does also go by the title, "the London of the North", so perhaps the Bow Bells can be heard as far as Leith Walk, inspiring Bakers Dozen's clipped southern tones. Stripped down and brutal in its delivery, the album climaxes with the chorus, "Violence without warning/It could happen to you."

It just did. But a good record is still a good record, no matter where it is recorded. In this case, Belfast.



The Wankys – *American Wank* (RFL Records)

Listening to the Wankys is like being cornered and serenaded by the party drunk while a moron runs around the room wielding an angle grinder and someone starts up a dilapidated Vauxhall Cavalier in the hallway. Proper punk rock like. *American Wank* is a collection of previously released Wankys material to accompany them on their planned 2010 foray into the US.

Watching them play at the 120 Rats squat in Leeds recently was a rapturous celebration of noise among an intoxicated Sunday night throng. They play with an abandon that comes from knowing you're not out to impress anyone – not even yourself. And with songs like *Hey Crusty ... Have a Fucking Bath*, *Beer and Fuck*, and *Noise, Disorder and Chaos*, they take an almighty detour to prove that point. But, after all, isn't that the root of punk rock?

Age, drunkenness and deafness are attributes in the world of the Wankys, summed up in *a.b.c. I Love Noise Punk* from *Noise, Disorder and Chaos*: "Noise punk is here now, and we are not the youth, we be the old punks, our time to have some fun".

And plenty of punk rock chaos beckons for their foray across the Atlantic.

Killer Punk Pub Quiz answers

Round 1: Dead rock and rollers (picture round)

1. Darby Crash (Germs), 2. Wendy Orlean Williams (Plasmatics), 3. Pig Champion (Poison Idea), 4. GG Allin, 5. Stiv Bators (Dead Boys/Lords of the New Church)

Round 2: Before they were famous

6. Jet Bronx and the Forbidden, 7. King Kurt, 8. Frantic Elevators, 9. The Fartz, 10. Freak Baby/ Mission Impossible

Round 3: Down on the farm

11. Chaos UK, 12. The Chicken Farm, 13. Die Schwarzen Schafe, 14. Some Chicken, 15. P.A.I.N.

Round 4: Punk poetry

16. UK Subs, 17. Bad Brains, 18. Sleater Kinney, 19. Doom, 20. The Case

Round 5: What fucking planet...

21. Telecommunication, 22. Discharge, 23. Imagination Camouflage, 24. Anything, 25. Skrewdriver

Round 6: Punk goes to the pictures

26. Breaking Glass, 27. SLC Punk, 28. Repo Man, 29. Don Letts, 30. Jubilee

Round 7: Plastic punks (picture round)

31. Kurt Cobain, 32. Joe Strummer, 33. Joey Ramone, 34. Sid Vicious, 35. GG Allin

Fanzine reviews

This fanzine set out to only feature bands and people that were around on the publication of Issue 6, around 15 years ago. Consequently, this has made finding fanzines to feature a real bugger.

Early *One Way Ticket to Cubesville*s parodied the plethora of anarcho-punkzines, which demanded what spikey haired punks thought of vivisection and nuclear war. But zines have mostly disappeared from punk rock gigs. People attribute this to the internet and blogs, but despite their flourish, it's bloody difficult to find a good one. *Nuzz Prowling Wolf* is an exception. The difference between blogs and zines is the process of manufacturing a zine refines it and makes it more accessible to the reader. And you can read a zine on the bog. You're probably doing so now.

Do we really need to be bombarded with streams of consciousness from some deranged lune who drinks by himself and thinks it's funny to fart silently in a pub and then walk off to leave other people to smell it? (otherwise known as "crop-spraying") Well, you're reading this aren't you.

Sniffing Glue fanzine famously ran an article in the 1970s, showing three guitar chords and telling people to go off and form their own punk band. Now it is time for some band to sing about three fonts and tell people to go off and write their own fanzine. The advertising that supported the magazines you buy in WH Smiths is disappearing, which hails the re-emergence of publications made purely for interest, with the reader, and not the advertiser in mind.

Zines need to be written.

Just three fonts are what you need.

Go ahead and do it.

Agitate #11. 50p plus P&P from Agitate, PO Box 202, Shipley, Bradford. BD18 3WB.

Nobody writes about D-Beat in such detail or with the passion of Chris Agitate. Whether it's Brazilian D-Beat or a bit of Japanese crashercrust that tickles your fancy, you'll find it in the regulation black and white pages of this sturdy zine. Issue 11 features Visions of War, Beginning of the End and Kontatto, with a wonderful insight into the Indonesian D-Beat scene.

Ripping Thrash/Hell and Damnation split issue. Steve, PO Box 152, Burton-on-Trent, Staffs. DE14 1XX.

When he can get it out (ooer), Ripping Thrash is a must for anyone looking for something fast and noisy. Hell and Damnation rants and rages, reviewing zombie films and the latest hardcore happenings in the process.

Printed by Footprint cooperative in Leeds. Check them out at www.footprinters.co.uk

With thanks for help, encouragement and inspiration to: Sharon, Irish Dave "Sissyfag" (now let's see yours [ooer]), Chris Agitate (I've seen yours thanks and it's a whopper), Steve Hyland, Sally Nottingham, Dave Uglypunk, Charlie and Irena Active Rebellion, Cafe Pop in Manchester RIP, the people who got back and agreed to be interviewed, general raucous types around Leeds, Bradford and Manchester.

Still available:

The fanzine that got more outrageous as the prank went on, *Junkmail Backlash.*

The deep, dark, impersonal corporate world of direct mailing, and sending off for junkmail under vulgar and outrageous names for other people's addresses. Comes with full glossary. £2 for a 100-page booklet at: http://www.godhaven.org.uk/pubgh.html#junkmail